

87
**A dialogue bytwene
the commune secretary
and Falowse,**

**Touche the vnstablenesse
of Harlottes,**

71

C Ialowsye.

W hat a woꝛlde is thys, I true it be acurst
fayne wolde I mary, yf that I durst
But I trowe, syth the tyme that god was boꝛne
So many honest men helde of the hoꝛne.

C Secretary.

W hat is the mater, be ye in any dout
Pacifye your mode, let it all come out
Discharge your stomake, auoyde it foꝛth
Sorrowes in stoꝛe be nothynge woꝛth.

C Ialowsye.

T routh it is, I trust ye wyll not be greued
Though a smal questyon to you be meued
In a mater, to me doubtfull and diffuse
Which I luppse ye haue had in experience and bfe.

C Secretary.

T hat perauenture, but I wyl not promyse you pre-
To asloyle your questyon very wysely (cysely
How be it, that ye saye, I am of experyence
So ye wyll beclose, ye shall heare my sentence.

C Ialowsye.

T han thus she that hath a rolynge eye
And dothe conuey it well and wysely
And thet to hath a wauerynge thought
Trowe you that this trull wyll not be bought.

A. ii.

Q. S.

C Secretary.

Cyes but take hede by the pryce ye haue no losse
A mad marchaunt that wyll gyue. v. marke for a gosse
Beware a rolling eye, w^o wauering thought, marke y^e
And for suche stuffe, passe not a dantyp^rat.

C Ialowsye.

CShe that is very wanton and nyse
Thynkyng her selfe meruaylous wyse
And wyll come to hym that dothe her call
Wyll she not wastell for a fall.

C Secretary.

Cyes surely, for a fall as flatte as a cake
And careth not how many falles she dothe take
There is no fall can make her lame
For she wyll be sure of the best game.

C Ialowsye.

CShe that dothe make it all straunge and quarynt
And loketh as she were a very saynt
If a man in the darke dothe her assay
Hath she any power to holde out, nay nay.

C Secretary.

CHolde out, yes, or it is pyt^ye she was bozne
A horse, a whelbarowe, and a ramnes horne
If the other thyng come, ye whote what I meane
For all her holy lokes, she wyll conuey it cleane.

C Ia=

4
93

C Jalowſye.

She that dothe loue moche dallpence
Wyth dyuerſe men, for fayre ſpekynge
And thynketh not on her owne ſhame
Wyll not thys wyld fowle be made tame.

C Secretary.

Eyes wyth good handelyng as I ayne
Euen by and by ye ſhall her reclayne
And make her tame as euer was tyttill
To ſuffre kyſſynge and kyblynge vnder the kyttill.

C Jalowſye.

She that is ſomewhat lyght of credence
And to make her freſche, large of expence
How ſaye you, and her money do fayle
Wyll ſhe not laye to pledge her tayle.

C Secretary.

Eyes, and yf ſhe be of that appetyte
She wyll bothe pledge and ſell out ryght
Heade pece, tayle pece, and all foure quarters
To one or other, rather than fayle to carters.

C Jalowſye.

She that loueth to ſyt and rauſe
And craftely can her ſelfe excuſe
Whan ſhe is taken with a fauſte
Wyll ſhe not be wonne wyth a ſmall aſſaſte.

A. iii.

C Se

C Secretary.

C What nedes' assaure, I dare saye she wyll consent
 That ye shall entre by a reasonable poyntinent
 And thā take hede, for in keeping of this warde & holde
 Is moze daunger than in getynge a thousande folde.

C Falowsye.

C She that is of mynde somewhat rechelesse
 Gyuyng her selfe all to ydelnesse
 And loueth to lye longe in her bedde
 Who wayteth a tyme, shall he not be spedde.

C Secretary.

C Tyme nay nay, wayte yf she be in good mode
 For out of the chyrche, all tymes be good
 But passe not theron, though she saye naye
 For so she wyll, whan she hath best lust to playe.

C Falowsye.

C She that can no conseyle kepe
 And lyghtly wyll sobbe and wepe
 Laugh agayne, and wote not why
 Wyll she not be soone tyred to foly.

C Secretary.

C The teares betoken a gracypous couroge
 And laughynge dothe all malyce aswage
 Whan she is in that takynge, marke well marke
 Let slyp, spare not for one course in her parke.

C Fa-

C Ialowsye.

C She that is fayre, lusty and yonge
And can cemon in termes wyth fyled tonge
And wyll abyde whysperynge in the eare
Thynke ye her taylor is not lyght of the seare.

C Secretary.

C By all these semely touches, me thynketh surely
Her owne taylor she holde occupy
Somtyme for nede, her honesty saued
She wyll washe often, or she be ones shaued.

C Ialowsye.

C She that paynteth her in starynge apparell
Use hote wynges, and dayly fare well
And loneth to slepe at after none tyme
Who lyst to stryke, trowe ye she wyll not stryde.

C Secretary.

C I can not saye, yf she wyll stryde
But yf reason be offred, nothyng shall fall besyde
For of trouthe, as frost engendreth hayle
Ease and ranke fedynge, dothe cause a lycerous taylor.

C Imprinted at London in Creepe Lane,
by Iohn Kynge.